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The AMERICAN SPANISH WAR

Its History Written by the Men Who Participated in It.

Edited by JOHN McELROY.

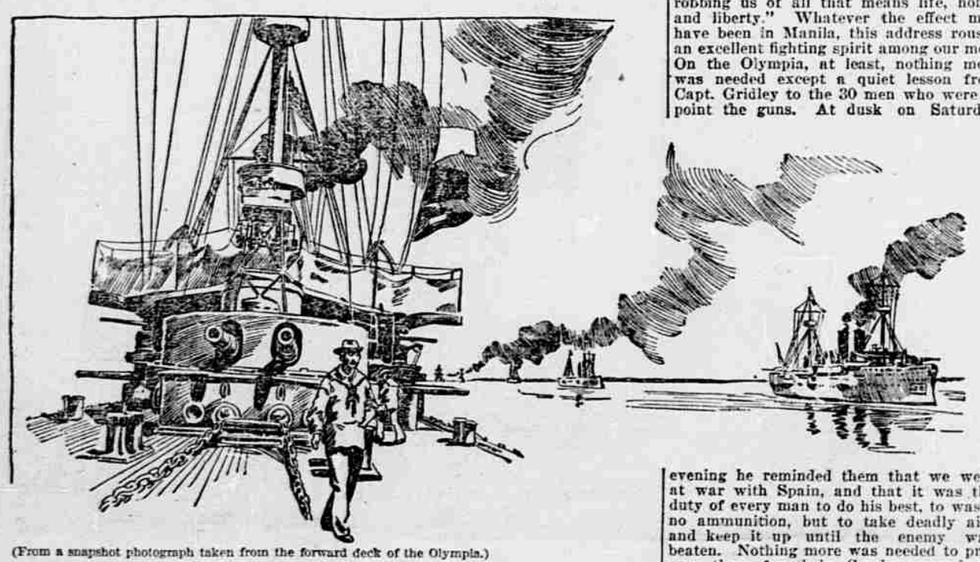
THE BATTLE OF MANILA BAY.

An Epoch-Making Engagement which Changed the Map of the Orient.

BY LIEUT. C. G. CALKINS, U. S. N.

LIEUT. C. G. CALKINS, U. S. N.

NOT long ago the Philippine Archipelago was nothing but a geographical expression to most of us. Now it threatens to become an interminable problem in our political future and appeals to the interest of millions of eager Americans. It may be worth while to discuss the historic event which brought about this transformation. Even personal impressions and incidental corrections may, perhaps, be set forth without suspicion of vanity or pedantry. For instance, it is worth noting that the Philippine Islands were discovered by Commodore Dewey before May 1, 1898. The work done by the Navy in the campaigns of 1898 was based quite as much on mental preparation as on that splendid, though complete, material equipment which has been one of the most picturesque features of our national progress since 1885. Given the constant factors of loyalty and discipline, the problems of war are solved by taking thought before putting on the panoply of battle.



(From a snapshot photograph taken from the forward deck of the Olympia.)

THE SQUADRON GOING INTO ACTION IN MANILA BAY.

STUDYING THE FIELD.

When the Philippine Islands had to be studied, it appeared that sources of information were neither numerous nor interesting. Besides a few rare old books of rambling gossip about monastic affairs, there are two or three modern works blending scientific fragments with travelers' tales. Vague consular documents relating chiefly to commerce have also been printed. But the true basis of the campaign was contained in the portfolio of charts of the China Sea and Eastern Archipelago. The modern arts of navigation and pilotage reduce themselves to interpretation of charts, and the tactics of naval warfare as well as strategy in general are only special applications of the same method. These graphic representations are supplemented by volumes of Sailing Directions, which attempt verbal expression for hydrographic and topographic detail. Special interest attached to the Estado General de la Armada or Navy List of Spain, which enumerates the armament of ships and the accomplishments and decorations of officers with elaborate candor. We knew the force of the Spanish squadron in every detail, and were informed in regard to the names and ages of all officers on duty in the Philippines. But no minute comparisons were attempted. Our confidence was founded on national and personal qualities and convictions.

After buying every chart of the Philippines in Hong Kong and examining the approaches to Manila, it became plain that no strong defensive combination was ready to oppose our advance on that capital. The situation might have justified the removal of the Spanish squadron to some place of greater tactical advantage, but there were political and other considerations to oppose such action. It did not appear that forts commanding the entrance to Manila Bay had been constructed during the three centuries of Spanish domination, and it was felt that no improvised batteries or torpedo-lines could serve as barriers for both channels. Once inside the bay, our fleet would find convenient anchorage anywhere within a circle of 20 miles in diameter. Security would be attained as soon as the Spanish fleet was disabled and the batteries silenced or isolated from support.

While it was known that Spain had a more numerous squadron in the Archipelago than we had on the Asiatic station, there was more reason to dread their dispersion than their concentration at Manila. Light draft and local experience should have given them many advantages in a dodging campaign. If concentrated, their ships would have more men afloat and nearly as many modern rifled guns as we carried, but they had no ship equal to the Olympia in all round effectiveness, to the Baltimore in weight of metal, or to the Raleigh in rapid fire. Moreover, they had "lame ducks" well known at the Hong Kong dockyards. Therefore we counted on finding them at anchor and disposed for fighting under the protection of shore batteries, under conditions implying discouragement and anticipation of defeat.

OUR PREPARATIONS.

Our own preparations began with the choice of an objective. Ten days after the destruction of the Maine, while most of us were still holding that tragedy an accident, the Commander-in-Chief was informed that his squadron must be ready to attack the Philippines if war were declared. Concentration was immediately directed. The Olympia and Petrel were already at Hong Kong; the Boston and Concord hurried thither from Korea; the Raleigh, and later the revenue cutter Hugh McCulloch, came north from the Indian Ocean via Singapore. Last of all, and not a day too soon, came the Baltimore from Honolulu. There was a scanty margin of time for cleaning her bottom and filling her coal bunkers after the British authorities had issued their proclamation of neutrality. Two small steamers, the Nan-Shan and the Zafiro, were purchased and prepared for service as colliers or tenders. There was time for the discussion of this gathering and an exchange of reassuring editorials between colonial and metropolitan journals. Manila was cheered from Madrid by statements denying that our concentration had any serious meaning, and depreciating our equipment for attack. But this report, reaching the Philippines during the last week of April, came too late to restore public confidence.

After coaling, the ships were all painted a dull greenish gray—"wet moon color," as the Spanish Admiral named it when prescribing a tardy imitation. The tint selected was found to blend naturally with the waters of Manila Bay. Another important detail was the distribution of ammunition. All the stock on hand, including a supply brought out by the Baltimore, was divided according to the batteries of the different ships. Some attempt was also made to get rid of superfluous woodwork to reduce the danger from sparks and splinters in action. So much had to be left in place that the precaution appeared suggestive rather than final. Fortunately the enemy's shells did not complete the demonstration of this well-founded opinion.

PERSONNEL OF THE FLEET.

Changes in personnel had also to be considered. The Commanding Officer of the Boston had served his time on the station and his relief was at hand. But Capt. Wildes wanted to stick to his ship to test the discipline which he had spent 30 months in establishing. Therefore Capt. Lamberton joined the Olympia as Chief-of-Staff. Lieut. Elliot and other officers had also voluntarily prolonged their term of service. There were cases where there seemed no room for choice. Both the Captain and Executive Officer of the Olympia had been stricken by climatic disease before war was declared. Capt. Gridley had not been ill until after the ship reached Hong Kong in February, and he insisted on retaining his command. He performed all his responsible duties with unfailing skill and with characteristic coolness and courtesy until the battle was over. A month later he died on his way home, a willing sacrifice to his country and his profession. Lieut-Commander Paine had suffered longer in his effort to complete a three years' cruise without surrendering to the climate. The doctors were kind and inflexible, and he was sent home in April. He had been an eager and active officer for 33 years, two-thirds of which had been passed in the grade of Lieutenant, and there was much regret that he should be forced to miss this opportunity of employing his recognized talents in working a battery in action.

Lieut. Rees came from the old Monocacy, which was laid up at Shanghai, and was assigned to duty as Executive of the Olympia. He was followed by several officers and most of the crew of that antique side-wheeler, and every ship had her full complement. Altogether our force was about 1,750 men. A few Chinamen were missing at the last moment; a painter with 20 years of naval service, some stewards, and several mess-attendants deserted in Hong Kong. The Chinese who remained showed no fear in action and could bear comparison with any other race for cool industry and cheerful curiosity.

The Baltimore having made good use of the days of grace following the proclamation of neutrality, the flagship led the last group of ships out of the hospitable harbor of Hong Kong on April 25. As we passed the vessels of the British fleet, their bulwarks were thronged with eager soldiers and sailors. The men-of-war might not cheer, but the convalescent soldiers of the hospital-hulk were able to express British feeling by a hearty round of applause. We were going to war, and they felt both sympathy and envy. Our own men were cheerful and confident; ready to trust their guns, their ships, their Commander-in-Chief and themselves.

STARTING FOR MANILA.

There could be little doubt as to our objective. "Proceed to the Philippine Islands. Commence operations particularly against the Spanish fleet. You must capture or destroy vessels. Use utmost endeavor." This was the President's message, a model of wholesome elasticity and inspiring brevity. Had it been written a month later all exhortation might have been omitted. It soon came to be an axiom that Admiral Dewey would be strenuous and thorough in all his undertakings. Some New York papers had ventured to interpret the gathering of ships at Hong Kong to mean that they were to come to the Atlantic. The odd notion of a local war between two Nations with world-wide interests still survived. Our commerce in the Pacific demanded protection. Spain's colonies invited attack. Beside the military weakness which exposed their capital and their naval stations, there were elements of moral weakness and strategic confusion in the condition of the Philippines. Much had to be conceded to the claims of prestige and sentiment. We had reason to hope for the concentration of the Spanish Squadron at Manila, to hold that capital and to suppress a renewal of the Tagalo insurrection of 1896. Dispersion would have baffled our purpose, and dodging might have prolonged the life of Montojo's fleet. Its prompt destruction involved, as we now see, not only the moral conquest of the Archipelago, but also the confusion of Spain's counsel and the diversion of her most powerful squadron from operations in the Atlantic.

Two restless days and nights were spent in Mirs Bay, completing material preparations and awaiting the last remnants of official instruction and casual information. Our visit to this region drew from the Manila press a sarcastic appeal to know how long we would "hide our flag on the inhospitable coasts of China." Did we intend to continue "wasting coal and hoarding ammunition" until the war was over? This was printed April 27, the very day we sailed from Mirs Bay and shaped our course southeast for the shores of Luzon.

The situation might have seemed to justify some address to our ship's companies, some appeal to their loyalty as Americans, to their energy as fighting seamen. Fortunately the enemy saved us the trouble. Every public authority in Manila, Governor-General, Alcaldo and Archbishop, had burst into eloquence upon the declaration of war. The staple of these addresses was ever the same. Americans were abused for oppressing "Indians," hating religion and lacking courage. Gen. Augustin's bitter words were published in every ship: "A squadron manned by foreigners possessing neither instruction nor discipline is preparing to come to this Archipelago with the ruffianly intention of robbing us of all that means life, honor and liberty." Whatever the effect may have been in Manila, this address roused an excellent fighting spirit among our men. On the Olympia, at least, nothing more was needed except a quiet lesson from Capt. Gridley to the 30 men who were to point the guns. At dusk on Saturday evening he reminded them that we were at war with Spain, and that it was the duty of every man to do his best, to waste no ammunition, but to take deadly aim and keep it up until the enemy was beaten. Nothing more was needed to prepare them for their Sunday morning's work.

CHARACTER OF THE FLEET.

The squadron formed in double column for a passage of 630 miles, maintaining a speed of about eight knots an hour. This low speed was adopted to give training to watch officers and engineers and also to show consideration for the smaller and slower vessels of our fleet. The force was made up of cruisers only; there were no ironclads and no torpedo boats. But it could hardly be called a homogeneous squadron. The Olympia had tried to combine many forms of power, and European criticism has said that she is "over-engined and overgunned"; while every gun was welcome, she had no chance to use her speed in this campaign. Her armor is confined to her turrets, where it was obstructive as well as protective in action. The heavy battery of the Baltimore gave moral as well as material effect to her bulky outlines, but she was not well-found in rapid-fire guns. The Boston is an early example of a good type, but she has her steering engine entirely exposed. The Raleigh has been said by a high authority to have "nothing good about her but her guns," but nothing else but her guns had anything to do with the coming battle. No battery could be better served or better fitted for the destruction of Spanish cruisers than the five-inch rapid-fire guns of the Raleigh. The Concord and Petrel have ever been reckoned as handy vessels for cruising and for inshore work generally. They showed themselves fit to form in line of battle, and developed every unit of power in their batteries. No battleship was needed to make this squadron effective and, for the work in sight, invincible. But these qualities could only be demonstrated by fighting.

THE TRIP TO THE ARCHIPELAGO.

The sea was smooth, and the passage from China to Luzon was uneventful. On the third night out, in the dark hours of the morning, we made the land near Cape Bolinao. A dark mass and a rank tropical odor revealed the great island. Daylight showed leagues of mangrove swamp backed by ridges of rock, covered with scrubby timber, with lofty peaks farther inland. Rather barren for the tropics it seemed, but the coast is bold with landmarks for safe navigation. The Boston and Concord were sent ahead to reconnoiter Subic Bay, and later the Baltimore was detached to support them. The wake of this advance squadron was strewn with cabinet-work and lumber. Clearing ship for action is a destructive yet inconclusive process which appeals to some boyish or primitive instinct of sailormen, and the task was prosecuted with erratic vigor.

In the afternoon the southwestern cape of Luzon was rounded, and the advance section of our fleet was discovered lying peacefully off the entrance of Subic Bay. The narrow channel was unfortified and the navy yard was open to attack. But our game was not there, and the scouting cruisers gathered like a pack of hounds at fault. There was time before dark for a final council, and the Captains were called on board the Olympia. About sunset Capt. Gridley was directed to lead the squadron through the Boca Grande, the wide southern channel of entrance to Manila Bay. The other ships were to follow the Olympia, guided by a narrow ray from her stern lantern, each ship turning in the visible wake which trailed after the file-leader. All light except these stern lanterns had been masked or extinguished during the night. A track was laid off on the chart and approved by the Commander-in-Chief, and this track was closely followed from dusk to dawn, from Subic entrance to the mouth of the Pasig River in front of Manila. Four changes of course were required, and the points where turns must be made were picked up by cross-bearings of islands and headlands checked by the courses steered and the readings of the patent log. No local knowledge was needed to arrange these details, and no degree of darkness could have disturbed our navigation. The moon made efforts to break through the clouds, but on the whole the night was dark, in spite of the dancing pillars of cloud pulsing with tropical lightning among which we cruised. There were light showers which dampened hundreds of suits of white duck, but nobody noticed such trifles.

ENTERING THE HARBOR.

As night fell, we began to realize that we were preparing to force an entrance into a guarded bay with hostile batteries and ships lying in wait for us. No welcome flashed from the dark summits of Corregidor and Pulo Caballo. Spain had extinguished every light intended to aid mariners in approaching her Archipelago. Having reason to suspect that the batteries on Corregidor were placed to command both channels, we had chosen the wider one and had shaped courses to pass that stronghold at a distance of three miles and a half—not out of range, but too far off to be checked in a resolute advance. Before 10 o'clock all hands went to quarters, and the guns were ready for service at any moment during the next 12 hours. Small islands showed clearly on the horizon, though black shadows lay under the land. La Monja, or the Haystack, was left to port, and El Fraile showed a jagged lump nearly ahead. While we could see these marks we needed no pilot. Yet the Spaniards abused the whole British race because of a suspicion that we were helped by the Master of a British steamer trading to Manila. The legend of a foreign pilot belongs with the story of British gunners recruited in Hong Kong. We had Americans at the wheel and Americans behind the guns. Yet questions were asked in the British Parliament and fictions were invented in Spain. "With every aggravating circumstance, darkness, treachery and desperation, the crime of Cavite was consummated"; thus the story was told in the journals of Madrid.

Yet there was nothing to show that the situation was strained or desperate. There were no dramatic moments on the bridge of the Olympia. The Commodore and Capt. Gridley took counsel and kept watch quietly. Formal reports were hardly necessary and sonorous orders were never given. As we entered the channel, a clear light winked and flashed a long message from the north shore. Later, a rocket soared from the summit of Corregidor. There were dull flashes from other points, but no roar of guns followed them. Our course led past El Fraile at a distance of 1,500 yards. There was deep water close to the rock, and it was a good landmark. Just beyond opened the broad expanse of Manila Bay, where we might cruise or anchor, blockade or fight, at will.

THE FIRST GUNS.

Changing course from east to N. E. by N. swung the stern ray from the Olympia's guiding light toward the rock, and a moment later there was a red flash, a whistling shriek overhead, and a loud report. Then came other dull flashes from the south. Before one had time to remember that Secretary of the Navy who used to be fond of saying, "No naval officer now living will ever hear the sound of a hostile gun," the Raleigh, Boston and Concord made sharp answer, and shells were seen bursting in fiery spray against the southern cliffs. The McCulloch also let her six-pounders speak out in testimony of vigilance. The Olympia was too far ahead to assist, and there was no thought of confusing the line by any turning movement. The plan was to get through the pass and to leave the batteries to rave over their lost opportunity. Our unchecked advance carried us into open water and signal lanterns were soon flashing assurance that the fleet was untouched by shell or torpedo.

All the defenses of both channels were made worthless by our safe passage. Returning at leisure to dismantle the batteries and dismiss their garrisons, it was found that four batteries guarded the northern channel and three were placed to command the Boca Grande through which we entered. There were 19 guns in all and they were all rifled, though most of them were muzzle-loaders. The best battery, containing three breech-loading rifles of modern type, was placed on El Fraile, where it had an excellent chance to disable one or more ships. Had the existence of this battery been known we might have circled around it to shatter the rock and dismantle the guns by concentrated fire. Restinga Point also fired, but it was too far off to count. Pulo Caballo did not open, "because of the speed at which the enemy fled," says a simple apologist in the Diario de Manila, who adds that one of the Fraile guns was crippled by recoil at the first fire.

There had been much speculation about mine-fields, which had no effect upon the tactical methods pursued. Mines were simply ignored; there was no dragging or dodging to eliminate this danger. The channel is too wide and too deep for effective defense by torpedoes. Yet we knew that materials were accumulated, that telegrams were sent appealing for gun-cotton, for pebble-powder, for blasting-powder, for insulating tapes and guns. Finally the Colonel of Marine Artillery commanding, telegraphed from Corregidor on April 27 declaring the "batteries ready and lines of torpedoes in place." He added a request for gunboats to patrol the channels, closing with a characteristic proverb: "Pedido queda pedido." "Things urgent remain urgent." This sums up the whole military system of Spain. Yet we were assured by the highest authority, by the Governor-General as well as by the Commandant of the Naval Arsenal, that the Boca Grande was "full of torpedoes." This statement came too late to be of any service, as it was delivered on May 2. It was not thought necessary to have the channel explored, and the warning remains unverified to this day.

The moon set shortly after the firing ceased, and we crept onward through the darkness at slow speed. Since the enemy's squadron had not fought in the entrance channel with the support of the shore batteries, there was no reason to expect them to attack in open water. They must have scattered to hide in remote harbors, or sought shelter under the guns of Manila or Cavite. The transports were called up to form an outer column abreast the column of attack. The course was shaped for Manila, and speed was reduced so that the anchorage would be approached at early daylight. The white glow in the northeast broke into bright points of electric light, marking the avenues of Manila. Many snatched an hour or so of sleep during this silent mid-watch. The Commander-in-Chief watched the slow progress of the ship and tried to induce Capt. Gridley to rest and recruit his shattered strength. Coffee was ordered to be ready at 4 o'clock, and every one welcomed that refreshment. The coffee from the cabin was accompanied by sticky gingerbread; that from the wardroom brought a burden of thick bread and butter. Hardtack would have been more to the purpose, and sandwiches not unacceptable. We heard afterward that some ships' companies had to fight on empty stomachs. Breakfast at the usual hour was no wanton luxury after all.

REVELATIONS OF MORNING LIGHT.

Daylight came out behind Manila and revealed long ranges of white houses and gray fortifications with domes and towers breaking the dark outlines. Eager eyes

(Continued on sixth page.)

The Winner of First Prize.

A REPORT accompanied by pictures, just received from the winner of the first prize is reproduced here to gratify the natural curiosity of contestants and readers. It will be seen that Mr. Farman has two very attractive members of his "club" to divide with. It appears from his report that Mr. Farman has been in a number of our contests without success but that he has been so impressed with the fairness of the contests that he kept on guessing. He was born in Jefferson County, Iowa, and spent his boyhood days on a farm. He was apprenticed to the drug business in 1880 at Tekamah, Neb., where he worked until 1892, when he went into business for himself at Ainsworth, Neb. In 1897, he married the daughter of a Union veteran, Capt. J. S. Richmond, Co. D, 26th Ill., now living at Johnstown, Neb. They have one child, G. A. Farman, Jr.

G. A. FARMAN, JR.
Aged four years.

G. A. FARMAN AND WIFE.

With the WESTERN ARMY

MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA.

By GEN. GREEN B. RAUM.

SURRENDER OF SAVANNAH.

Gen. Hardee Succeeds in Escaping with the Whole Garrison—Extraordinary Armament of the City—Capture of an Immense Number of Heavy Guns.

On the morning of December 20 Gen. Geary learned that the enemy had completed a pontoon bridge across the Savannah River.

One bridge extended from the city across to Hutchinson's Island, and another from the island to the South Carolina shore. This fact was communicated to Gen. Williams, commanding the corps, and in turn was conveyed to all parts of the army.

During the 20th the fire from the gunboats and works of the enemy was unusually heavy. They kept up almost a continuous fire.

MOVEMENT OF CONFEDERATE TROOPS.

Col. Carmen, from his position in South Carolina, reported that a large force of the enemy was crossing from Savannah to the South Carolina shore. He of course could not tell for what purpose this movement was made, whether for the defense of the Union Causeway or for the evacuation of the city.

During the night Gen. Geary reported to Gen. Williams that the movement of troops across the bridge seemed to be going on.

Gen. Williams instructed his division commanders to keep their forces on the alert and have their picket lines press close to the enemy's works; indeed, the two lines were now so close together that there was constant activity on both sides, and firing was kept up constantly.

At 3 o'clock on the morning of Dec. 21 the enemy's firing ceased. Within 30 minutes Gen. Geary reported that Col. Henry A. Barnum's Brigade was occupying the rebel main line. At the same time he pushed forward rapidly in the direction of Savannah, for the purpose of overtaking and capturing a part of the enemy's forces.

Gen. Geary's skirmishers deployed and swept over all the ground between the evacuated works and the Ogeechee Canal from the river to the Augusta road. This main column marched by the flank through McAlpin's plantation to the Augusta road and into the city.

SURRENDER OF SAVANNAH.

The Mayor of Savannah and a delegation from the Board of Aldermen, bearing a flag of truce, met Gen. Geary near the junction of the Louisville and Augusta roads. From these officers Gen. Geary, in the name of the Commanding General, received the surrender of the city. This occurred at 4:30 a. m. Gen. Geary now sent a staff officer to Gen. Williams to announce the surrender of the city of Savannah. This staff officer was halted on his way to Gen. Williams's headquarters and had considerable difficulty in convincing them that he did not belong to the Confederate army, but was an officer of the Twentieth Corps.

Gen. Geary entered Savannah at the head of his division at early dawn, and before the sun arose the Stars and Stripes were waving from the dome of the Exchange Building and over the United States Custom House.

Savannah was now in the hands of the Union army and it was responsible for its government. Gen. Geary lost no time in taking control.

Col. Barnum's Brigade had the honor of entering the city at the head of the column. It was now assigned the duty of maintaining order. Col. Barnum was directed to patrol the city, reduce it to order and quiet, and prevent any pillaging or lawlessness. Gen. Geary's orders were strict upon these points and were rigidly executed by Col. Barnum. When the division entered the city it was in the hands of a lawless mob, who, for the purpose of pillage, were using the torch, but Col. Barnum soon brought order out of chaos. The low, lawless element quailed before the men with blue uniforms bearing muskets.

The 28th Pa. and the 20th Ohio, of Col. Pardee's Brigade, were sent down to and took possession of Fort Jackson and the adjoining works.

GEN. GEARY IN COMMAND OF PORT.

On the arrival of Gen. Slocum, commanding the Left Wing of Sherman's army, he issued an order placing Gen. Geary in command of the port of Savannah and assigned his division as the garrison for the city.

During the night the pickets along the whole line were busy; the enemy kept up an active fire until the very moment they were to withdraw from their works. When they ceased firing our skirmishers were soon pushed forward into the abandoned works. The Twentieth Corps, however, held the important roads leading into the city. Gen. Geary's Division was nearer to the center of the city than any other troops. They could see the spires of tall buildings from their works, while the city was hid from view from the other troops by intervening timber. Gen. Leggett pushed his division forward and entered the city about 10 minutes after Gen. Geary had accepted the surrender.

News of the surrender of Savannah was promptly conveyed to all parts of the army. It is fair to say that we were all highly gratified to learn that the necessity for the contemplated assault no longer existed. Gen. Slocum and Gen. Howard, in the absence of Gen. Sherman, issued orders for certain of their troops to march into Savannah and establish camps in and around the city, all within the fortified limits of the place.

It required but a very short time for the troops to begin that march. All were anxious to enter the city, which was regarded as the great goal of our long march. Gen. Howard led the way for the Army of the Tennessee. Four divisions of this army marched into Savannah on Dec. 21—the First, Third and Fourth Divisions of the Fifteenth Corps and the Third Division of the Seventeenth Corps. The Second Division of the Fifteenth Corps and the First and Fourth Divisions of the Seventeenth Corps were on important duty at King's Bridge and west of the Ogeechee River, a detachment of Hazen's Division still occupying Fort McAllister.

The health and spirits of the army were perfect. This march into the city of Savannah was a red-letter day in the history of these troops.

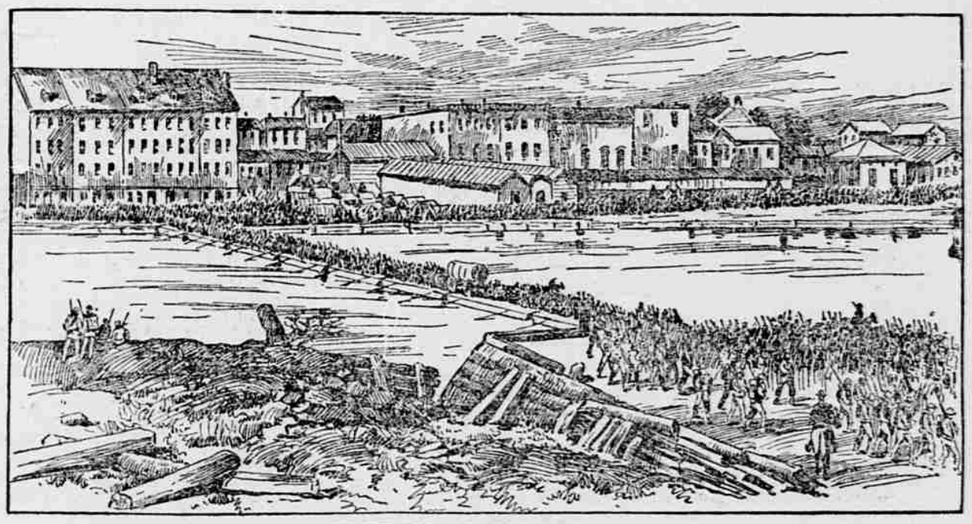
Gen. Woods's Division established their camp on the south side of the city; Gen. Smith's Division established their camp in the suburbs of the city, between the Gulf Railroad and the shellroad.

Gen. Corse's Division was assigned to a position on the east side of the city, his left resting on the river and his right occupying Fort Brown. This arrangement of the Right Wing left the approaches from the north and northwest to be covered and protected by the Left Wing, which was done effectively by establishing new camps within the fortified lines of the city, with the front changed, facing about, so as to meet an enemy that might approach from the interior. We were now defending the city of Savannah instead of besieging it.

While we were marching into the surrendered city Gen. Sherman was returning from Hilton Head, where he met Gen. Foster and made definite arrangements to close in on Savannah from the South Carolina side. Admiral Dahlgren brought Gen. Sherman away from Hilton Head in the Harvest Moon. They encountered heavy winds and thunderstorms through the Ogeechee by inside channels, but were caught by a low tide. They took to a barge and rowed some distance, when they met a tug, the Red Legs, with a staff officer searching for Gen. Sherman. The officer bore a letter from Capt. Dayton to Gen. Sherman announcing the capture of Savannah. Gen. Sherman transferred to the tug and steamed up the Ogeechee to King's Bridge and rode to his camp the same night.

GEN. SHERMAN ESTABLISHES HEADQUARTERS.

The next morning, Dec. 22, he rode into the city, passing down Bull street to the Custom House. Gens. Howard and Slocum had already moved their headquarters into the city. Of course, Gen. Sherman must do the same.



THE REBEL FORCES LEAVING SAVANNAH.

Mr. Charles Green, an Englishman, offered his residence for Gen. Sherman's headquarters, and it was accepted. The building was large and commodious, perfectly furnished, and well adapted as a headquarters. Mr. Green reserved only two rooms for his own use.

Upon reaching the camp ground assigned to my brigade I directed the Brigade Quartermaster to call in the assistance of the Regimental Quartermaster and at once secure a sufficient amount of lumber to enable the regiments of my command to provide themselves with comfortable Winter quarters. The lumber was obtained in very short order, and the men went to work to erect their little houses for four, using their "dog tents" for the roofs. In an incredibly short space of time these little houses, with their fireplaces and two-story bunks, were completed.

The interior arrangements varied according to the tastes of the men, but they were all comfortable shelters for these grim young veterans. They were all provided with straw or hay for bedding and with fuel to keep them warm. It was a pleasure for me to visit the men in their quarters and show them that I felt a deep interest in their comfort and happiness.

I secured some rooms in a house across the road from my brigade for headquarters, and here, with my staff, I set up housekeeping in our regulation style. We were to have a short respite from the

(Continued on second page.)